

SAD PLIGHT OF ARMENIA

Her People at the Mercy of Bitter
Enemies on All Sides.

THE KURDISH ATROCITIES

Each Outrage Has the Connivance
of Turkey, Which Has No Pity
for Her Christian Subjects—
England's Indifference.

From the New York Recorder.

The atrocities recently committed by the Turks in Armenia renew attention to that unfortunate and picturesque region. It is a region that in and of itself amply repays such attention. Historically, geographically there is no more beautiful, nor mysterious, nor fascinating region.

Pagan legend peopled the snow-clad heights of its mountains with the dread deities of now-forgotten races. Christian myth fabled that on these same heights Noah and his family rested after their six weeks' sojourn in the ark, and recognized in the wondrous valley of Elgin the Biblical Garden of Eden, and consequently the cradle of the human race. To-day it is as full of famous cities of the dead as Greece or Italy, but this fame belongs to a remote and less familiar past. There is the capital, Van, perched on the dizzy summit of an immense rock, rising bolt upright amid surroundings of such bewildering beauty that they sent the great Semiramis into ecstasies. These she strove to embody into architectural fancies, which our grandchildren may yet succeed in interpreting. There is Bayasid, paved with fragments of sculpture, fashioned when Moses was a boy in the house of the Pharaohs; Ani, the city of colossal ruins, in which the treasures of the King of Kings were preserved; Takht-Soliman, the reputed birthplace of Zoroaster, where burned the holy fire descended from heaven and visited for ages by the Magi in quest of light for their torches, which kindled all the fires that blazed within the great Empire of Persia.

Petrifying lakes occupy the site of other populous cities which flourished when the earth was young, and new cities flourish on the beds of exhausted lakes. Caves scooped out of massive rocks lead to mysterious halls and recesses, where quaint inscriptions and devices, unread as yet, may yield to the antiquarian some of the carefully treasured secrets of the past.

No ethnologist has yet determined to what branch of the Aryan family the people of this mystic region belong; no philologist has classified their language; no historian has penetrated the picturesque mist of fable in which their origin is enveloped. According to their own annals they are the oldest people in the world and the earliest Christian nation. They trace their origin back to Haig, the grandson of Noah, who 2,000 years before the Christian era established a dynasty of sovereigns that continued to rule until Vahs, the sixteenth in succession, fell in battle against Alexander the Great. A century and a half before Vahs Armenia first truly emerged into the scope of authentic history. During most of that century and a half the Armenians had enjoyed full political independence. But after Vahs' fall they passed under the vassalage successively of Persia, Rome and Parthia. Numberless have been the rotations of fortune's wheel since then, bringing changes sometimes for the better and sometimes for the worse, until a few centuries ago, like Poland, the country was parcelled out between three neighboring powers, Russia, Turkey and Persia.

EVER FAITHFUL TO THEIR CHURCH

Through all their vicissitudes the Armenians have preserved their faith intact. They profess to have been converted just after the ascension of the Savior by St. Thaddeus, the apostle. The legend is a picturesque one. Abgarus, one of the Armenian kings, being stricken with leprosy, and hearing of the marvellous cures wrought by Christ, dispatched a messenger, begging that he should come and cure him. Christ simply wiped his face on a towel that retained the impress of his features, and the portrait so made cured the king and many of his subjects. Thus they were prepared for the ministry of Thaddeus. To-day they profess to have preserved Christianity in all its original purity. The English church acknowledges the Armenian as a sister, but both the Catholic and the Greek churches dispute its orthodoxy. From the days of St. Gregory, the first patriarch of Armenia, the church has been governed with almost papal powers by his successors, called the Catholics, who have ever lived in the monastery of Echmiadzin. Its ancient rites and ceremonies have been retained intact from early antiquity, despite its anomalous situation on all sides, as it always has been and still is by neighbors, who look upon it as either schismatic, heretical or infidel. It has withstood the persecution of Sassanian kings, the blandishments of Byzantine emperors, the anathemas of popes, the onslaughts of fanatic Mussulmans and the imperious mandates of fire worshippers.

When four centuries ago the Armenians lay prostrate under the iron heel of their Persian conquerors; when all life and hope, all care for liberty and respect for self seemed to have been ground out of them, an attempt to make them substitute Christ for Ormuz roused in them once more the wild spirit of independence and drove them into a rebellion that shook the throne of Yezdigird to its foundations. So when a few years ago the Russian government ordered its subject Armenians to alter the constitution of their ancient church they rose heroically against the imperial decrees, though the mines of Siberia seemed to be yawning in their faces.

The Armenians in Turkey shared the persecutions of their fellow Christians in Bulgaria, and these persecutions afforded Russia a pretext for attacking Turkey in 1878.

When Russia defeated the Turks she obtained by the treaty of San Stefano the right of protectorate over Turkish Armenia, and straightway placed 20,000 soldiers at Erzeroum. But Russia had once taken alarm. She knew that England had an eye on her Indian possessions. Her threats of interference resulted in the Berlin treaty, which by its 61st article secured the withdrawal of the Muscovite troops, and gave to England the right of protectorate over all the Christian provinces of Turkey. The island of Cyprus was ceded to her so that she might establish and continue this protectorate. But she has done little to carry out the reforms to which she pledged herself. As a result Armenia, with its immense natural

resources, with all its undeveloped possibilities of agricultural and mineral wealth, remains a wilderness; its pastures and its arable lands have been well nigh abandoned and its inhabitants have reluctantly left the pursuits for which they are most fitted and turned to mercantile life. The condition of the Armenians who remain in their native land is pitiable enough. They are at the mercy of a ruler who is less a sovereign than a pontiff bound by the organic law of the Koran—that Koran which preaches the extermination of the infidel as a sacred duty. They are hemmed in on one side by the bloodthirsty Kurds, a race of highland robbers, practicing blackmail, outrage, murder and abduction, and especially merciless to Christians, and surrounded on all others by alien religionists who await only opportunity to persecute them. They are officially oppressed with grievous taxes, and unofficially flogged by rapacious governors. They have neither freedom of speech nor liberty of the press, and now as a culmination to their miseries, the Turkish government has unveiled the purpose which has secretly animated it all along and undertaken the extermination of the entire race.

ENGLAND FALSE TO HER TRUST

As the president of the Phil-Armenian society, which has its headquarters in this city and branches in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and other American cities, John S. Donian stands as a representative Armenian, voicing the sentiments of a majority of his fellow countrymen in the United States. There are about 6,000 of these, all told. One thousand live in New York and its vicinity. They are all inoffensive, sober and industrious. Many are prominent citizens. Among them are seven or eight doctors, one lawyer and a number of bankers and theological students. The rest are merchants, importers, silkweavers, engravers, etc. President Donian proudly asserts that there is no record of any Armenian having been arrested on a criminal charge.

"By the 61st article of the Berlin treaty," said Mr. Donian on Friday, "the Porte undertook to carry out in the Armenian provinces the reforms prescribed by the treaty, and to insure the safety of the lives and properties of all peaceful and unoffending Christians. England was to see that the Porte did its duty and the island of Cyprus was awarded to her as a station where she might make her headquarters."

"At first it seemed as though both Turkey and England were in earnest. Seven British consuls were appointed under Sir Charles Wilson to reside at certain critical points where Christian communities predominated. I was Sir Charles Wilson's private secretary, and for five years traveled with him, taking observations among Christian subjects of Turkey. The Porte was scared into an appearance of cooperation with us; but as soon as British vigilance relaxed things fell back into their old grooves. The provisions of the treaty are now a dead letter, and the condition of the Armenians is actually worse than ever before. Said Pasha, who was prime minister of Turkey for nine years, an unusually long period, once expressed the opinion that the only way to settle the Armenian question was to exterminate the Armenians in the Turkish empire. 'So long,' he said, 'as they remain a majority in any province they will be a constant menace, just as the Greeks and the Bulgarians were a menace. They will eventually precipitate a war as the Greeks did and the Bulgarians did.'"

"Not all Turkish officials are brave enough to say this, but all undoubtedly think it. The people in the Sassoun region have especially excited the ire of the Turks, because they are enlightened, high spirited and patriotic and have from time to time resisted the atrocities of the Kurds and Circassians. Those atrocities have been secretly connived at by the Turks, who wished to break down the pride of the Sassoun rebels, as they choose to call them. Now appears from recent dispatches that the Turks have thrown off all disguise and begun a war of extermination, regardless of age or sex."

Mr. Donian hopes that the appeal to England may not be fruitless. He would have small hope if the appeal were only to English generosity, chivalry or Christianity. But England's selfish interests are at stake. By article 61 Russia, in case of neglect of England, is empowered to arraign Turkey for any outrages against her Christian subjects. Russia will be quick to seize her opportunity, for she has long had a covetous eye on Turkish Armenia.

The possession of a mountainous country like this great plateau, situated on the confines of Europe and Asia, and commanding all the important roads in Western Asia, would confer upon Russia an enormous advantage, which she could use to the detriment of British possessions in the East. More than that, it would give her control of the Mediterranean and the Persian gulf. In the event of an invasion she could retard supplies and reinforcements by blocking up the Suez canal and closing the Straits of Ormuz against England's navy, thus affording her invading forces not only a march under cover, but also a safe retreat in case of a reverse. The completion of the military railroad from St. Petersburg across Siberia to almost the very walls of India will fill the measure of Russian possibilities.

But the Armenians have no desire to play into the hands of Russia. The fate of their brethren who have been absorbed by the Muscovite empire has been but a shade better than their own. Russia's heart goes out only to the oppressed beyond her borders. Her anxiety is specious and insincere. The majority of the Armenians are content for the present to remain under the suzerainty of Turkey, provided, first, that England does her duty and, secondly, that they receive a certain autonomy, a Christian governor of their own selection, and a gendarmerie composed of men of their own creed and nationality. That will suffice for the present. As to the future, they will cherish dreams of eventual liberation.

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The "Standard" as an Exchange Between Employers and Employed.

The "Standard's" phenomenal circulation throughout Montana, and, in fact, throughout the entire Northwest, is appreciated by all advertisers, but by none, perhaps, so much as those who are seeking employment and those who are desirous of obtaining help. The "Standard's" "cheap ad" columns are recognized as the best medium of exchange between employers and employed in the whole state. If you doubt it, make a trial and be convinced. You will be astonished at the number of answers an advertisement of this character will call forth. The rates are within the reach of the poorest, two cents a word for the first insertion, and one cent a word for each subsequent insertion.

ON AND OFF THE STAGE

BUTTE, Dec. 1.—Through various causes several attractions booked for Maguire's opera house have changed their dates with the result that the house was dark all last week and will remain so until the week of Dec. 17, when the Tavery Opera company will be here. Maria Tavery, the prima donna, is said to be surrounded with the best talent to be found in America. The company will sing in Butte a full week from a most diverse and extensive repertoire, consisting of "Carmen," "Faust," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "Bohemian Girl," "Rigoletto," "Martha," "Tannhauser," "Traviata" and others.

The Carleton Opera company had been booked originally for the present week, but, owing to the illness of Mr. Carleton at the opening of the season, all his dates had to be put off over a month. He will, therefore, not be in Butte until about the middle of January.

Thomas Keene, the tragedian, will also be one of the January attractions, stopping in Butte on his return from the coast. He will appear in "Richard III.," "Louis XI.," "Hamlet," "Richard III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "The Merchant of Venice."

An extraordinary and distressing incident was witnessed at the Metropolitan opera house in New York a few nights ago. Lucile Hill, the prima donna appointed to sing the part of Mathilde in "William Tell," was taken ill with influenza, and Miss Libia Drog was selected to take her place. In Rossini's opera the heroine does not come on until the second act, hence the opening scene went off with the usual success. When the curtain arose on the second act an unparalleled accident happened. Mathilde came on, sang the first bars of her aria, hesitated, faltered, blushed, trembled and became silent. The music continued, but the prima donna was voiceless. Signor Mancinelli looked up inquiringly and asked Miss Drog in testy Italian what was the matter. Miss Drog did not reply. She looked in an agony of emotion, but had no other lyric nor dramatic words to express her feelings. She had completely forgotten the score and the prompter could not help her out of her difficulty. The conductor turned his orchestra into silence and looked down at the Alps. Miss Drog gasped into the auditorium, in which the vast audience was buzzing with excited conversation. This extraordinary system of opera continued for several minutes, until at last Signor Mancinelli cut the scene, started his orchestra at a later passage and summoned Tamango for the duet. At the entrance of the great tenor Miss Drog's courage failed altogether and she started on a run off the stage. Tamango caught the prima donna by the arm and held her firmly. He tried to encourage her and hummed over the part she should have sung. Still she was silent. Then the tenor dropped her arm and ran confusedly into the wings. Miss Drog looked after him pitifully for a moment and walked off the other side of the stage. Once more Signor Mancinelli cut the scene and rang for the trio. Then Tamango returned, bringing with him Acona and Edward de Resaka, and the opera was resumed without a prima donna, a performance without precedent in the annals of music.

At a late hour an apology was made for Miss Drog, and she recovered sufficient composure to sing an aria in one of the succeeding acts.

Eleanora Duse's success in the histrionic art was no sudden leap from obscurity to the pinnacles of fame. She had acted for years without exciting any unusual attention until she came under Hikele's management. He saw that she was undoubtedly possessed of great genius, but that her poverty did not permit of a wardrobe fitting for a suitable background to display this genius. He provided the wardrobe, and by judicious advertising excited the public interest in Duse, and her success was great. He afterward married her, but, for the actress at least, the marriage proved to be very unhappy, and a separation followed. There was a beautiful child of 3 years, and the mother was heartbroken at the prospect of losing her. The Italian law gives the children to the father's keeping until 7 years of age, so Mme. Duse was in despair until she found she could buy the child from its father. This she did, paying a very large sum for her.

When going away, forlorn, unhappy at the sad ending of love's romance, the two started out in the world together, the mother bought a lock and placed it about the child's neck, telling her if she was ever homesick or lonely to place her hand upon it, repeat the little prayer, and comfort would come to her. When they soon afterward came to a distant city, where there were no familiar faces, where the language was different from their own musical tongue, timidly the little hand stole up and clasped the lock, while the eyes were closed for a moment and the lips moved in prayer. Duse's histrionic talent is not all displayed on the stage for public admiration, and when telling this little incident to a party of intimate friends she portrayed it with such emotional and dramatic power that everyone was affected to tears. Duse adores the child of her unhappy marriage and is educating her very carefully. She placed her at school in Germany in preference to Paris, as she does not wish her to learn anything bad. She changes her about frequently from one school to another in order to spur her ambition.

The blonde and beautiful and much-married Baroness Blanc, after years of exciting hysteric romance, has caught a Tartar in Shirley Onderdonk, son of the millionaire contractor of Chicago. His intolerable abuse has compelled her to leave him, and she has become a business woman. She is interested with her father, Major Nicholson, and Thomas Lynch, Jr., the distiller, in the manufacture of a new boiler compound. She has been worshiped by the wealthiest beaux of the land; she writes operas, pens plays and novels, and commands a rich vocabulary in half a dozen languages. She has been the wife of Charles Ruggles, the Philadelphia capitalist; of Baron Blanc and of Shirley Onderdonk. This last marriage, which took place in Canada secretly, was against the strong opposition of the Onderdonks, but the poor wife has had more than enough of her drunken and cruel bargain.

Shirley has made it her chief business for months past to kick, beat and choke his wife. Once in his rage he broke two of her fingers. First the couple put up at the Normandie. After a short stay Shirley left one day in a jealous rage and his

wife's trunk was attached for his bills. Shortly afterward he returned, secured her forgiveness and they went to live at the Rosemont. Here they had numerous stills, but these were kept quiet. Later they went to a place on Michigan avenue, Chicago, where matters reached a climax. Nearly every night he went home and subjected her to such wanton cruelties that she left him and went to the rooms of her parents. But he followed her and repeated his brutalities on a more extended scale until she fled for refuge to go to her room. Onderdonk has an idea that his wife is in love with a member of the nobility now stopping at the Ritz-Carlton, but the woman, completely crushed in spirit, is said to be walking a very thorny path and keeping poverty at bay with daily office work.

George Augustus Sala contributes to the London Telegraph a chapter of recollections of the original "American opera." He begins his story this way: "You, respected leaders, who may expect me to dilate on the transatlantic prime donne and contraltos and tenors and basses of the past, may be surprised and perhaps slightly disappointed when I tell you that my American Opera Gallery is only a photographic album bound in embossed morocco, and containing just 100 cartes de visite of nigger minstrels as they flourished down to the beginning of the year 1864."

It must be something of a novelty for Bernhard to find herself alive at the final curtain of "Gismonda." It is true that she has waded in blood to get there, but after the poisoned cup of "Fedora," the leap into "the yellow Tiber," in "La Tosca," the silken cord of strangulation in "Theodora," consumption in "Camille," the fagot pile in "Jeanne d'Arc," a broken heart in "Frou-Frou," the headman's ax in "La Dame de Chailant," poor "Pauline Blanchard" expiring fevered frenzy—all these, but a few of the deaths Mme. Bernhard has depicted on the stage—"Gismonda" must be a new sensation.

A "Frau's Frolic" is the catchy title of Fannie Rice's new play with which she will resume her tour about the week of Dec. 3. It can scarcely be called a new play, as it is an adaptation from the German of "Three Pairs of Shoes," made famous in both hemispheres by Marie Geisinger. It has not yet been attempted in English in this country because of the exacting requirements of the part played by Geisinger.

It is a sad tid that during the last 27 years Sarah Bernhardt has been paid over \$1,500,000 for her work on the stage. During the last 10 years her average gains have been nearly \$100,000 a year, and during the last five years \$200,000. Her greatest gains have been since Abbey, Schuffel and Grau assumed her management. And yet in spite of these great earnings, Bernhardt is said to be comparatively poor. She is at once the most extravagant and most popular actress of her age, and she gratifies every whim at no matter what expense.

In Chicago, last week, a stranger, representing himself as a correspondent for a New York paper, succeeded in getting a box for a performance by Ada Rehan at Hooley's. The man was found to be an impostor and Mr. Foster, Rehan's business manager, had him arrested, but he was discharged on a technicality and then turned around and sued Foster for \$15,000 on the charge of false arrest.

Charles Hoyt has been reelected to the New Hampshire legislature from a republican district and with a sweeping majority, and now his friends in the profession are booming him for congress or the governorship of his state. They have an idea that his great popularity would swing New Hampshire for the democrats.

In England the courts have decided that the copyright of a photograph is the property of the sitter, and not of the photographer. The justice of the decision is evident. In this country the photographer induces eminent actors and actresses to sit for a picture then copyrights it and makes them ask his permission for the use of it.

Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davis will next week temporarily withdraw "The New South" and start rehearsals of their new play "Humanity," in which they will make their first appearance on Dec. 17 in Boston. "Humanity" is said to be a very elaborate production. It is by Sutton Vane, author of "The Cotton King."

Nellie Waters the variety singer who last month saved a Pittsburgh audience from a panic while an adjoining building was burning, filled a long engagement at the Comique in this city several years ago and was a great favorite at that place of amusement.

During a fire which broke out next to the Avenue theater, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 1, the members of the Side Show company were greatly frightened. Most of the ladies packed their trunks ready to start at a moment's notice. One girl, however, seized a cake of soap and a towel and ran screaming into the street.

Mme. Sissieretta Jones, the Black Patti, at her concert given at Carnegie Music hall, New York, last Sunday night, played to over \$3,000. The only misfortune of this woman is her color. She sings as well as any woman in the world and if she were white she would command the Melba-Earnes terms. Early in January, at the head of her own concert company, she will make a tour of the South and Texas, and in the spring will fill an engagement in London.

Thirty managers of variety theaters in various cities have formed an organization, called the Association of Vaudeville Managers of America, for mutual protection of business interests.

Mrs. Langtry will give during her present visit to America A Wife's Peril, and one or all of four new plays, among which are Agatha, Tylden, Merchant and Shipowner; Dolores, adopted from Sardou's "Patrie"; Esther Sandrez and the House of Cards.

In the opinion of the Brooklyn Eagle the degradation of the stage will be about completed on Thanksgiving night in New Haven, when Tom Gould, the notorious divekeeper and George Appo, the green-goods man, start on their starting tour in the play called the Tenderloin.

Janaushek will support Kate Claxton in "My Lady Reckless."

Sardou is writing a new drama entitled "Louis XII."

Catherin Lewis will soon return to the operatic stage.

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